

The Hartley University College Magazine.

VOL. VI.]

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THE Hartley University College Magazine.

NOTES ON NEWS.

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The Summer Term.

The Summer term is with us, filled with innumerable delights. Never have the trees seemed richer in their wealth of green; never have the tennis-courts been more silkily seductive; never have the river and the sea called more alluringly to their cool pleasures. The toils of class-room and laboratory are but slightly bitter *hors-d'œuvre* adding relish to the large feast of leisure which the long sunny hours provide. We are tempted to cry, as we quaff the wine of life, Would that the Summer term might last for ever! But, alas, it is drawing to its close. Its joys are dashed by the advent of inspectors, by the approach of examinations, by the prospect of partings and farewells. Perhaps if it was not for these countervailing woes the bliss of the Summer term would be too inebriating, too enervating. The student, lulled in the lap of luxury, and softened by the unqualified joy of the present, might lose his moral fibre and might cease to desire any future of labour, or matrimony, or heaven.

Vale.

We fear that there is a prospect of our losing from our midst at the end of the session two of the most popular and efficient of the junior members of the staff, viz., Mr. E. H. Alderson and Mr. F. Philipps. Mr. Alderson, who has been elected to the staff of the Bristol University College, has been a member of the College, first as student afterwards as lecturer, for nearly six years. During that long period he has won and retained in the highest degree the affection and esteem of all with whom he has had to do. He has rendered unostentatious but invaluable service in the organisation of College Societies and in the arrangement of Social functions, and he has been a quiet but powerful influence for good wherever he has gone. Mr. Philipps has been with us for a much shorter period, viz., for one session only, but no member of the staff has ever done more in so brief a time to leave a permanent impress upon the College. He has been *Esprit-de-corps* incar-

nate. He has worked with unselfish devotion and unflagging zeal to infuse life, health, and enthusiasm into College institutions. By his manly vigour and by his athletic skill he has won a commanding influence over a large section of the College, and he has used his well-deserved popularity in the worthiest and noblest manner. If the "College Sports," to be held for the first time this year, should become an annual institution they will remain a permanent memorial of his enterprise and organising ability. We cordially wish both Mr. Alderson and Mr. Philipps success in their future spheres of labour. [As we go to press we hear the welcome news that Mr. Philipps has decided to remain at the College. We trust that he will not object to read the above valedictory address. Ed.]

A Whitsuntide Memory.

Mr. Philipps at Whitsuntide had an experience which, one can well believe, will never be effaced from his memory. He has kindly consented to write for the Magazine the following brief account of it:—"At the request of our Editor I take up my pen to write a short account of a sad and thrilling event which from my own point of view I can only regard as a miraculous escape. Having occasion to cross Swindon from one station to another, I determined to take the Electric Car. An indescribable 'something' however was stronger than my determination, and I found myself walking down a steep incline while the car became filled to overflowing. A minute or two later a terrified mass of humanity swept by me rocking from side to side, the brakes of the car had failed to act and, at a curve at the foot of the hill, the inevitable disaster took place. One or two passengers escaped by jumping. The end came with a crash like thunder, never to be forgotten by those who witnessed the scene. Ready hands soon extricated the dead and injured. One bright incident stands out from this dark tragedy. A British workman suffering from ghastly wounds in the head paused to pull himself together and then with gentle hands helped to alleviate the sufferings of others. As I wended my way from the spot, selfishly thankful at my escape the words struck me, with all their terrible significance, "In the midst of life!"

Death of Mr. Thomas Morgan, J.P.

On March the 21st the College lost, by the much regretted death of Mr. Thomas Morgan, an able and zealous member of its Council. Mr. Morgan had filled a large and important place in the public life of Southampton. For many years he

was Chairman of the Free Library Committee, in which capacity he did much to raise the Library to the very high standard of efficiency which characterises it. He was also President of the Philharmonic Society, and as a skilful musician and an educated lover of music he had no small share in organising those admirable concerts which do so much to minister to the cultivated taste of Southampton audiences. Mr. Morgan became a member of the Hartley Council in 1900 and, through his unfailing tact, his devotion to business, and his consistent support of the Principal, he rose when the College obtained its charter to the position of Vice-Chairman of the Council.

Mr. H. G. V. Civil's Success.

We have pleasure in chronicling in this issue an item of news which came just too late for inclusion in our Easter Magazine. Mr. H. G. V. Civil on March 24th received the information that he had succeeded in gaining a Mathematical Scholarship of £40 a year at Selwyn College, Cambridge. Mr. Civil is to be heartily congratulated on this very creditable achievement, as also are Professor Watkin and the Staff of the Mathematical Department of the College. Mr. Civil will go into residence in Cambridge in October next, and we shall hope to have the pleasing duty of recording in future numbers of the Magazine further academic successes on his part.

"Bristol University."

Among the many and great changes which have marked English education during recent years few have been more notable than the progress of the University movement. Fifty years ago there were in England but four Universities—Oxford, Cambridge, Durham, London—and of these London University was merely an examining body. At the present day not only does London University exist as a transformed body which has undergone an edifying conversion, but five new Universities join the four old ones in the task of educating the clever, the fortunate, and the wealthy youth of England and Wales, and in the rapid manufacture by improved and labour saving methods of graduates well-qualified to swell the market of the learned professions. All the Universities, however, both old and new are situated north of the Thames, and the scholars of the most ancient and noble Kingdom of Wessex have to migrate to alien and once-subject cities and provinces if they wish to have their share in the much-venerated and variously-lucrative degrees. It has long been felt that

this is an anomaly, and there has been much discussion (which in the South is commonly a substitute for action, rather than a preliminary to it) concerning its removal. One project has been the formation of a "Wessex University" of a federal type, similar to the Victoria University of the old days and the University of Wales of to-day. It has been suggested that the University Colleges of Bristol, Southampton, Exeter, and possibly Reading should be amalgamated with an examining and degree-conferring institution with power to determine its own syllabuses and courses of study. Nothing, of course, has come of this proposal. Bristol, however, is resolved not to linger and waste time, and a powerful movement has been inaugurated in the city for the establishment of a local University. There can be little doubt that it will succeed, as all will be able to infer who read the following extract from a letter contributed to the press last April:—"At a representative gathering on March 30th, before distinguished guests in sympathy with the movement, announcements were made by Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith, the chairman, so gratifying and definite that even to many Bristolians they came as a surprise. He was able to say that four donors, worthy bearers indeed of such names as Wills and Fry, anticipating any public appeal, and satisfied with the merit of the broad principle, have put down £30,000 as the nucleus of a University fund. Towards the establishment of a Chair of Economics a specific contribution of £1,500 was also announced. A subscription-list so splendidly headed should not languish for long. Canada and America, both bound to Bristol by strongest ties of sentiment and commerce, have wished the scheme success through the lips of the American Ambassador and Lord Strathcona. In his brilliant speech at the banquet Mr. Whitelaw Reid drew a picture of the advantages conferred on his country by the multiplication of seats of higher learning. Lord Strathcona, unable to be present as was hoped, sent a letter of cordial sympathy, accompanied by a cheque for £500. The sum of £100,000 is needed before a worthy fabric can rise and be adequately endowed. With £200,000 the promoters would be, as Mr. Arrowsmith said, content. West of England men, though scattered in remotest quarters of the world, have never learned beneath the smiles of fortune to forget the Homeland. To them goes forth an appeal from the vales of Gloucestershire, Somerset, and the streets of Bristol town. No form of benefaction enshrines the donors so surely in the memory of posterity as gifts made to higher education. William of Wykeham, Edward Alleyne, John Lyon, Lady Margaret, Balliol, have their enduring memorial in the hearts of their countrymen. Before the year

closes our city hopes to learn that these princely and enlightened founders have left successors animated by the same noble and generous spirit."

When will the great men of Southampton and the County of Hampshire rally round the Hartley College in this enthusiastic and generous manner?

University Degrees.

The rapid multiplication of degree-conferring institutions and the consequent enormous increase in the number of graduates is having the effect of seriously depreciating the value of degrees. A revising barrister a year or two ago when informed that a person who was claiming a vote was an M.A., remarked contemptuously that everyone was an M.A. now-a-days. He was somewhat anticipating the march of events; but before many years are passed it may be a distinction *not* to have a degree. What, however, is worse than the mere increase in the number of degrees, which in itself may be but an index of the spread of higher education, is the growing diversity in the connotation and value of degrees. The letters "B.A." or "M.A." may mean anything or nothing. In Cambridge where a man can get his B.A. in over a thousand subtly-deferring ways, his degree may connote that he is a genius of the class of Lord Kelvin, or it may indicate no more than that he is not a wholly incapable dunce. When we take into account the similar variations in the values of degrees conferred by all the other Universities we are left in a state of hopeless bewilderment and uncertainty. All we can say is that England has not yet sunk to the level of America where, according to the *Journal of Education* (Jan., 1906) "there are some 500 degree-giving institutions, the majority of which have no claim to the title either by equipment or by teaching capacity." The *University Correspondent* (June 1st, 1906), gives point to this indictment by telling the story of a Glasgow chimney-sweep who received an LL.D. diploma in settlement of his account for bed and board from an impecunious lodger, the agent of an American "University."

More Training Colleges.

The *University Correspondent* in the issue above quoted makes the following important announcement:—"More Treasury money for training colleges is promised. The grant will take the form of an annual contribution of 75 per cent. of the amount required by local authorities to repay loans for build-

ing purposes. The grant will apply to day training colleges as well as to residential colleges, but it is not yet settled whether students' hostels are to benefit by it or not.

Changes in the London B.A. Syllabus.

The attention of students is particularly called to some important changes which are about to be made to the syllabus of the London B.A. degree. Hitherto Greek has been compulsory both in the Intermediate and in the Final examination. It is to be so no longer. The following is an extract from the recent report of Sir Arthur Rücker, Principal of the University:—"Up to the present the course of study for this degree from the matriculation stage onward has been, with the exception of mathematics, entirely literary, while that for the B.Sc. has been entirely scientific. The opinion that a mixed course of literature and science would be of the utmost value to many pass students has, however, for long been gaining in strength, and effect has now been given to it in the following manner. In future either Greek or Latin, but not both, will be compulsory both in the intermediate and final examinations for the B.A. degree. Another language will also be compulsory; while the other subjects required may be chosen from a list of languages, pure and applied mathematics, and the more fundamental sciences. It will thus be possible for a candidate for a pass B.A. degree to take either an exclusively literary course, or a mixed course including Latin and one other language. It is to be hoped that these changes will help to neutralise the tendency to drive students who do not wish to study Greek into an exclusively scientific course."

The Co-ordination of Southampton Education.

The Endowed Schools Governors, and the Borough Education Committee have been busy during the past few months in considering schemes for the co-ordination of education in Southampton. They wish to avoid over lapping, to economise energy, to smooth the passage from the Elementary to the Secondary Schools, and to facilitate the progress of all capable scholars to the University College or the University. Dr. Easton laid before the Endowed Schools Governors some admirable proposals for achieving the end in view. Dr. Richardson, our Principal, was asked to report on the same subject to the Education Committee. He made a very careful study of the Educational Institutions of the Borough, but in the end did not feel it necessary to depart very widely from the scheme laid down in Dr. Easton's report. This

happy agreement between Dr. Easton and Dr. Richardson as to the main lines of a scheme of co-ordination makes us hopeful that the educational bodies in Southampton—chief among which are the Hartley Council, the Education Committee, and the Endowed Schools Governors—may soon be able to formulate a working policy.

The Functions of the Term.

At Easter the Past Students of the College held a highly successful Re-union. The proceedings were of unusual interest and importance; for the existing "Association," which was confined exclusively to teachers, was dissolved in order that, phoenix-like, it might spring into the larger life of an association including past members of all departments of the College. A report of the various meetings and festivities which marked the Re-union, written by Mr. W. C. Myland the indefatigable secretary, appears on a later page.

The Debating and Choral Societies gave their united Soirée and Entertainment on May 24th. Mr. R. S. Williamson read an excellent paper, full of quaint information, on "The Songs of Sailors," while the members of the Choral Society rendered in appropriately blood-curdling or amorous styles the ditties either sung by or deemed (by landsmen) suitable to pirates, and admirals, and love-sick able-bodied seamen, and deserted mermaids. Mr. Philipps made a breezy chairman, and through his powers of persuasion performers and audience were enabled to dance a hornpipe or two before the proceedings terminated.

Before us as we write loom two more functions which promise to be very attractive—the Hostel Garden Party and the College Sports.

The College Sports.

One of the great events of the present term, if all (including the weather) goes well, will be the College Sports fixed for Thursday June 21st. The warmest thanks of all concerned are due to Mr. Philipps, for the pioneer work which he has done in making the arrangements for these sports, in securing entries, in collecting subscriptions, in providing prizes, and in attending to the thousand and one details which so large an undertaking as this involves. It is hoped that the President of the College, the Duke of Wellington, K.G., will be present to distribute the prizes, and that Colonel Ivor Philipps, M.P., and Mr. Dudley Ward, M.P., will accompany him.

As we go to press the Chairman of the Sports Committee, writes:—

"The final arrangements have now been made. The meeting will be opened by the American Consul at 2 o'clock, and at 7 o'clock the prizes will be distributed by His Grace the Duke of Wellington. All depends on a fine day, and the weather is watched anxiously by many.

I take this opportunity for thanking most cordially the members of the staff for their marked willingness to assist financially, and also to my committee; especially to Mr. Wood, whose task has been enormous. It is hoped that next year the Sports will become official."

It is interesting to note in this connection that the first sports meeting of the London University Athletic Union is announced to take place on the 27th inst. at Stamford Bridge. All members of the University who are *bonâ-fide* students reading for a London degree are eligible as competitors. Those who wish to enter should communicate with Mr. J. N. Meers, 11, Arundel Gardens, London, W.

Examinations.

Those of us who either as askers of questions or writers of answers are about to plunge into the vortex of "Sessionals" may do well to ponder a remark which the late Mr. Seton Merriman uttered in his novel *The Grey Lady*. It was to the effect that "Examination papers have spoilt more lives than they have benefitted." Mr. Merriman's contention would seem to be supported by a description of the examination system in China which Mr. A. Diosy gives in his book on *The New Far East*. It runs:—"The Governor of An-Lui wired to Peking, in the spring of 1889, the gleeful intelligence that of the competitors at the examination for literary degrees—the only path to official rank and civil employment—held in his Province, thirty-five were over eighty years old, and eighteen over ninety. A life-time of being "ploughed" could not daunt these indomitable old boys whose essays were reported to be perfectly accurate in diction, and the handwriting firm and distinct. It is satisfactory to know that those who could prove that sixty years—the real Cycle of Cathay, had elapsed since they took their Bachelor's Degree, and that they had been "plucked" at the three last examinations for the higher step, were entitled, should they fail in this fourth attempt, to claim an Honorary Degree."

An Irish Comment on the Hartley College.

That vivacious periodical "Q.C.B." the organ of Queen's College, Belfast, has honoured the Hartley College by making in its May number the following comment upon the report of

one of last term's debates :—"The Literary and Debating Society of Hartley University, Southampton, passed a motion that students should wear academic dress, as it would enable one to distinguish students from schoolboys, and would also give them a sufficiently dignified appearance. Why not grow mustachios, Hartley? Hair stimulators are cheap. No one would mistake your lady students for schoolboys."

With respect to this kind and ingenious suggestion we would ask. (1) Are hair stimulators cheap? Although "Q.C.B." with a confidence which is evidently based on long experience says that they *are*, it may well be that the shillings which are lavishly squandered in wealthy Ireland on "Tatcho" and similar infallible "mustachio" producers, could be ill-spared in this poor and struggling land. (2) Even if it be granted that hair-stimulators are cheap and also (which is by no means proven) effective, what is there to prevent school-boys from buying them and from covering by means of them their upper lips with student-like bristles? If they do so where are the distinguishing marks to be looked for? (3) Assuming, however, that school-boys will *not* spend their money on "mustachio" producers, but will be content to remain with their faces covered with that almost imperceptible down which cannot be called a "mustachio" at all (since to call it such would be to 'give to a hairy nothing a local habitation and a name'), how, may we ask, can "Q.C.B." so positively assert that "no one would mistake our lady-students for school-boys." Has "Q.C.B." ever seen our hockey team?

The Chicago Revelations.

The recent disclosures concerning the methods of the Chicago tinned-meat exporters are reported to have caused much consternation both in the hostels of the women-students, and in the lodgings of the men-students. It is practically impossible in midnight revels to boil fowls, fry bacon, or roast haunches of venison. Hence tinned delicacies have from time immemorial, that is for the past five years at least, formed the leading item on the midnight menu. What can take their places? Fortunately pork pies remain, and about these there is happily never any doubt; in a pork-pie you always know what there isn't.

The College Song.

Mr. H. G. Hallum, the Secretary of the Song Committee, writes "The College Song Competition resulted in eight songs being sent in, but as was announced in our last issue, none attained a standard of lyric excellence adequate to the dignity

of the theme. Some, however, are very meritorious and deserve publication." Mr. Hallum then gives a transcription of three songs, but they unfortunately arrived too late for inclusion in the present number of the Magazine.

Past Students' Associations.

As we bid farewell to many students, whose departure we much regret, may we urge them to keep in touch with their old College by joining one or other of the Past Students' Associations. The following are already in existence:—

(1) *London*: Secretary—Mr. F. J. Hemmings, 10, Cornwall Avenue, Wood Green, N.

(2) *Portsmouth*: Secretary—Mr. C. H. Mills, 51, Lawrence Road, Southsea.

(3) *Southampton*: Secretary—Mr. H. S. Rowe, 8, Waterloo Road.

(4) *South Wales*: Secretary (pro. tem.)—Mr. W. T. Griffiths, 5, London Terrace, Cwmavon, Glam.

THE PASSAGE OF THE GEMMI.

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THERE is a handbook published by some Swiss information bureau that contributes to the gaiety of hotel life in that country a page of questions which have been put by would-be travellers. They are extravagantly foolish, of course, such as: "Can one be certain of getting plenty of curling in the Rhone Valley in July?" or "Does one need a guide for the ascent of the Matterhorn?" but the one that struck me most when I saw the book ran something like this: "I have just bought a motor car, and am anxious to try driving over some Swiss passes. Can you tell me if the Gemmi would be a good one to start with?" The question interested me, because three days earlier I myself had walked over the Gemmi, and the thought of that motor car curling itself up in the attempt to find the way down the rock-hewn spiral which calls itself a path was one that did not admit of sober contemplation.

The moment of reaching the top of an Alpine pass is—given favourable climatic conditions—capable of affording a pleasure of the rarest kind. The traveller so utterly turns his back on the things behind, the toilsome ascent, the restricted view of the ground immediately ahead, the long-drawn-out

anticipation, and comes in a flash to completest realisation—in fact, into a new state of being, gazing upon a new heaven and a new earth. I think the moment compares favourably even with the excitement of achieving a real mountain peak, although I am not, perhaps, in a position to judge, because my only considerable mountain was climbed in a snowstorm, and the top was reached in an impenetrable mist of virgin white. It was on that occasion that my only joke in the French tongue was perpetrated (an excellent joke, but that is another story), which so convulsed my guide that for a moment I feared I should be left alone on the dizzy height.

But to return. The Gemmi is a pass which is calculated in a peculiar degree to give this pleasurable sensation. The ascent from Kandersteg is long and tiring, without being really exciting. The latter part of the journey is sad and monotonous, over rocky wastes, and by silent pools rimmed with melting snow—when suddenly before you, framed in the weird twin rocks that give their name to the gap, appears the wonderful extent of the Valaisian Alps, from Monte Rosa and the Matterhorn on the left to the Mont Blanc chain on the right. Before you is the precipitous descent of the Gemmiwand, cut out of the living rock by ingenious men of generations long ago, winding in and out, and doubling under itself on its way down to the Baths of Leuk and the valley beneath.

Reached in the early evening light, as I first saw it, with the white peaks of the distant hills just touched with the pink of the declining sun, it presented a picture of irresistible magic, and far more than atoned for the weary walk, even had it not been for the exhilarating air that it provided for mortals seven thousand feet above sea level.

Nowadays, when Switzerland has become the playground of two continents, and when even the systematic neglect with which Englishmen treat their geography books has been repaired by the combined efforts of Mr. Cook and Dr. Lunn, everyone knows that this pass is a sudden break in the chain of hills that borders the Bernese Oberland on the southern side, and lies along the right bank of the upper Rhone river. And, indeed, almost every person who knows anything of the country has been there and explored the spot for himself. But we (this is not the editorial "we," but for the most part in this veracious account stands for my fellow-pilgrim and myself); we, who affected to despise any conventional aids to knowledge beyond the absolutely indispensable Baedeker, had been steeped (especially myself) in

fathomless ignorance. From this we were aroused one Sunday morning in Geneva, having reached this home of revolutionary religion and thought after absorbing the mediæval atmosphere of the Gt. S. Bernard Hospice, and, maintaining this catholicity of attitude, having presented ourselves at the Cathedral doors at the time when churches at home have just received their morning congregations, and are not unwilling to augment them. But in Geneva things are managed otherwise. The "culte" had assembled at an early hour, and a stern janitor held the gate against all intruders until it should "issue forth." From time to time, indeed, he would unbar it, and, peering cautiously around to assure himself that no unauthorised person would attempt to storm the breach, permit the exit of some worshipper whose devotions were presumably concluded. Certainly the Genevese do not intrude their religion on their guests! They can be tolerant, too; for besides the service of the recognised Calvinistic religion a Presbyterian service was proceeding in a side chapel. As we had a duty to perform by Calvin's chair and the other relics of the Cathedral, we waited on a convenient seat outside until the appointed hour should arrive. And it was here that our excursion to the Gemmi really commenced. For it was from the experiences recounted by certain other English in like predicament with ourselves that we felt it to be a desirable object of pilgrimage. To us the familiar tourists' path was from that time to shine as a sacred way, and the rugged gates that we had seen with the eye of faith from the heights above the Chamonix road, whence the Oberland mountains appear as glittering pinnacles above a wall of inaccessible snow, were pictured as the entrance to the inner mysteries of this wonderful land.

The fulfilment was delayed for nearly two years, when on a Saturday morning, after walking for a week amongst the Oberland mountains, we at last found ourselves within a day's journey of the appointed goal. We had arrived, tired with the heat of the lakes below, on the night before at the little inn, and in the morning, having left our impedimenta in the hands of a porter, whose honesty seemed proved by his perfect acquaintance with our own mother tongue, set out for the hills at the head of the valley. Furtigen is the name of the place, and our guide book asserts that the inhabitants indulge in the manufacture of matches as their staple industry; but for this we had no care. The valley—the bed of a river running down into the lake of Thun—is dominated by the shapeless masses of the Blümlisalp, and is divided from the Rhone by the high ridge through which we were to make our way.

I cannot now recall the philosophic speculations which occupied our minds on the morning walk from Frutigen—I remember the road, which was long, and the lunch, which was all we could collect at the early hour when we felt it necessary to requisition supplies. This was near Kandersteg, which is chiefly known as a centre for winter sports, more especially curling. In June, however, this is all over, and there is nothing there which need detain the traveller who has satisfied his material wants.

Kandersteg looks like the end of everything. Huge perpendicular rocks block the end of the valley, and it is not till you get up to them that the narrow path comes in sight with an unpretending signpost directing you to the pass. But the road this side is not really steep, and the lower slopes of the hill form a favourite promenade for the visitors in Kandersteg. The ascent is not exciting, and is performed in the usual zig-zag fashion, but the scenery is at times impressive. In one place the path skirts a wild and desolate looking ravine that suggests itself to the imagination as the home of malevolent and unhappy spirits. But the character of this valley seems largely due to human agency, for it appears that the indiscriminate felling of timber has exposed the place to frequent avalanches that drive away the inhabitants from February till the time of the hay harvest, and leave the place bare and ghastly.

A turn in the road brought us about tea time in sight of an ugly little hostelry, the Schwarenbach Inn. But they could make very decent tea for hungry people, and recollections still linger of the curious mixture of bread and honey and cheese with which the traveller is regaled. But there are still nearly a thousand feet to climb, for the top of the pass is almost 5,000 feet above our starting point at Frutigen, and there must be no waiting about at Schwarenbach Inns if we would reach the top before sundown. Above this point the snow begins to lie thick in places across the path, and about half a mile from the summit we pass a dull-looking pool, glacier fed, and hedged with sodden snow. This is the Dauben See, and its mystery is that it has no apparent outlet for its waters.

We arrived at the top of the pass in the evening of July 1st, 1905, and stayed there for the night. The air was surprisingly "balmy," and after dinner the whole company roamed about the grassy slopes which surround the base of the Gemmi rocks, in pleasing contrast to the bare country below. The company was a large one that night, for with

July the holidays begin, and a whole so-called technical school had come up from Geneva by way of Leuk in the afternoon. That is, by the opposite way, and while we had ascended in shade they had been subjected in that terrific four hours' climb to the fierce mid-day sun! But it had not seriously affected their spirits, and, in spite of the pathetic entry which we found inscribed by one of them in the visitors' book—"Nous sommes arrivés morts"—they were able to make themselves responsible for a very considerable noise! One retires early on the Gemmi Pass, for most of the guests are birds of passage, and most have arrived somewhat tired, so that when the fairy scene has vanished with the expiring twilight the prospect of bed resumes its attractions.

The morning opened in brilliant sunshine. In the early hours I had stolen a momentary bathe in the half-frozen lake which lay in the shadow behind the pass, but by the time we had breakfasted the panorama looked in the dazzling light more ethereal than on the night before, and had added to its beauty that passionate insistence of quivering life which makes a distant snow mountain both more real and more comprehensible in the morning light than in the fuller and more prosaic glare of mid-day. By 8 o'clock we turned to descend. And this is one of the strangest experiences. The pass is just 3,000 feet above Leuk, and almost vertically over it, so that in the evening you can see the lights glimmering in the little town below. At first you set out with a light heart, pleased that the day promises no more upward climbing. But the sun soon strikes hot, and your ankles begin to cry out before half the distance is over. The question then comes whether to run and get it over, or whether to proceed in a respectable commonsense way. For myself, I gave up attempting the orthodox method after 2,000 feet, and ran on to the bottom, whence I could watch my companion maintaining the virtues of the British race, as from time to time he appeared round a corner!

And so we came to the baths of Leuk just as the church bells were ringing for Mass. But the church was too small, and we could only look in from without, and soon passed on to visit the baths, where our Baedeker had assured us that the patients stayed in the water for long hours every day, talked animated French, and drank tea and coffee, &c., on little floating tables. Having assured ourselves of the accuracy of this statement, we hastened away from the stifling heat of the bath-house.

But we had crossed the Gemmi, and our pilgrimage was accomplished. How we pushed on down the valley; our

curious adventures by the way; how my friend abandoned the struggle at Indern and stayed behind to consume all the Vichy in the little town; how I went on to find the railway to get to Martigny, where we had appointed to meet friends from England and missed the way; how I lost a train by five minutes, and spent a Sunday afternoon at Sierre eating ripe cherries in the railway station—the only place with a breath of air in it, and finally met my companion coming on in the evening train—all this has nothing to do with the Gemmi. Neither have the mosquitoes at Martigny, though they concerned themselves overmuch with us.

S. T. CLARK.

P.S.—This account should have been punctuated with the photographs taken on the route, but unfortunately there has been no time for their reproduction, and, still more unfortunately, their uniform indistinctness is warranted to withstand the severest inspection.

S. T. C.

SONG OF THE CAP. X X

* * *

Take the poppy's richest red,
Border it with deeper hue,
Borrowed from the blue-bell's heart,
Take and join the two.

Take the sunset's ruddy flush,
Border it with deeper hue
Borrowed from Italian skies,
Take and join the two.

Take the athlete's roseate glow,
Border it with deeper hue
Borrowed from his maid's blue eyes,
Take and join the two.

Then you have the College colours, have the Red and Blue
That flutter down the High Street at nine and half-past two:
You have the College colours that flutter in the field
When to our superior prowess other teams are forced to
yield;
When we strive beneath these colours what is there we can't
do?
When we fight beneath these colours—the Red and the
Blue?

POETARUM MINIMUS.

SELF-HELP. ❧ ❧ ❧

* * *

Now that we are come to the fifth year of the twentieth century we are able to look back upon its predecessor with a certain sense of aloofness. It is receding into the past; its shores are melting into the continent of history; we can discern its larger outlines, and can begin to descry and to depict its grander and more commanding features.

It is important, however, in looking backward that we should remember that those things which loom largest upon the sight and first strike the attention are not necessarily the most distinctive or remarkable. Just as in the present it is violent actions and loud noises which attract the most general notice, so with regard to the past it is the surface changes wrought by wars and revolutions, things catastrophic and cataclysmal, the achievements of eccentricity and genius, which remain the most conspicuous.

The historian has to look beyond these for the characteristic features of a period, and they are not always easy to find. The centre of gravity of any body is rarely on its surface. The average person is necessarily the obscure person. Similarly, the chief events of any period are not such as attract the attention of Mr. Henty, and the sensational school of novelists; the dominant characteristics of any age are not those which most obviously differentiate it from the preceding ages; the representative men of an era are not its conspicuously great men, nor are its typical books the enduring works of genius which it has produced. Hence, I shall not be misunderstood if I speak of Mr. Smiles and his book "*Self-Help*" as representative and typical of the "so-called nineteenth century" (as a young debater once contemptuously described it).

Of course, before Smiles wrote his *magnum opus* there had been people—such as burglars and ill-trained children—who had helped themselves. But they had always been regarded as offenders against good morals or good manners, and had been dealt with as such. Smiles, however, by glorifying self-help marked its elevation from a discreditable expedient to a cardinal principle. He revealed it clad in the white robe of virtue, respectable as Montgomery's Satan, and followed by an illustrious horde of devotees. In other words, he manifested to the nineteenth century its most remarkable achievement, the emancipation of the individual and the glorification of individualism, which implies the destruction of old social organisations, and the abandonment of old corporate ideas.

The individual has become self-sufficing. Manuals are published which enable him to do everything for himself. When Mrs. Partington, in days of yore, wanted to spell "soda-water" she naturally turned to her husband with the question: "Do you spell it as one word, or as two words joined by a syphon?" Now she reaches down someone's voluminous sixpence-a-week dictionary and searches for it among the pictures at the end. The old-fashioned litigant used to go to his solicitor for advice. Now he looks up the point at issue in *Every Man His Own Lawyer*, and gets into such a hopeless muddle that, with confidence, he lends the book to his adversary, in that sure and certain expectation that he will decide that payment of all demands is preferable to a conflict with a man who can understand *that*. The early Hanovarians, when sick, consulted doctors; but late Edwardians rely on patent medicine circulars, or on treatises such as *The Home Physician: or How to Cure Yourself*. The searching questions which these contain enable the most obtusely healthy person to find out for himself that he is really a victim of several fatal diseases, all of which, however, can be cured without any medical assistance by the use of a single, simple remedy.

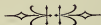
The real secret of the large demand for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, for Popular Educators, for Libraries of Famous Literatures, for Hundreds of the Best Books, and so on, is the passionate desire of the newly-emerged individual to be as independent in the matter of information as he is in the matter of income. His house is to be not only his castle, but also his university, his lecture hall and his British Museum.

Political parties have long been splitting up into smaller and smaller segments, until now you can scarcely find two persons who see eye to eye on all the questions of the day. The same holds good of religious denominations. When the Positivists had their great schism some years ago, it was recorded that one section went away from the decisive meeting in a cab. But the more modern religious sects rarely consist of more than one person—with the possible addition of her husband.

Everyone just at present is his own naval expert; and if, in a club or a railway carriage, or any other place where men most freely reveal their inmost souls, anyone can be found who does not think that he could have given Admiral Rohdestvensky priceless advice concerning the disposition of battleships, the training of sailors, and the conduct of war generally, such a man is to be cherished as a rare relic of an obsolete civilisation.

Examples might be multiplied indefinitely, and the pathetic failure of all socialistic attempts to combat this dominant tendency of the age only serves to emphasise its dominance. Even the "New Humour" bears witness to it. It is natural that it should; for humour is primarily criticism of life. Moreover, it resides in situation, just as wit shines forth from words. Now, while the old humourists revelled in mistaken identities, in awkward meetings, in bashful wooings, in curtain lectures, and the like, the new humourists delight to depict the individual vainly attempting to follow the *Zeit-geist*, and do for himself what someone else would normally do for him. Take Mr. Jerome K. Jerome as *facile princeps* of the modern school. Who has not enjoyed the exaggerated truth of his description of Uncle Podger trying to do the carpenter's work, and hang a picture before he has learnt to stand on the top of a ladder; to divide improper fractions by two in his head; to hit a nail without involving his thumb in the operation, and simultaneously to hold the picture, keep his temper, and be reasonably civil to his devoted womenfolk? Who cannot discern the points (even when they are not very delicately polished) of the stories of the man who sought to solder his own saucepan; of the bachelor who would fain find favour with his female friends by fondling the unaccustomed baby; of the old gentleman who made his own furniture out of egg boxes; of the three men in a boat who exhausted the expedients of helpless amateurism? They all go to illustrate and emphasise the prevailing characteristic of the age that has just passed.

It is possible that just as the sixteenth century is described as the age of despotism, the seventeenth century as the age of Puritanism, and the eighteenth as that of rationalism, so the historian of the future will know the nineteenth century as the era of the apotheosis of Self-Help.



A TRAP. ✕ ✕

+ + +

In vain she sought to find her book,
 Her little silk-bound book of prayer;
 In vain she searched in every nook,
 The missing volume was not there.
 She asked my aid, and side by side
 In haste we ransacked far and wide.
 The church-bell rang, but all in vain;
 Without her book she could not go.
 The church-bell ceased, and once again
 In search we hurried to and fro.
 "We'll have to stay at home," she said,
 "I am with weariness half dead."
 She sank exhausted at my side,
 And on my shoulder pressed her brow;
 In vain to free myself I tried,
 She had me safely anyhow.
 Then knew I that the book we'd sought
 Was but a figment of her thought.
 How often since with eager zeal
 I've sought for things that don't exist;
 In fact I sometimes sadly feel
 That life does in such search consist;
 That fortune with a flirt's device
 Allures—then grips us in her vice.

MYDROFIANT.

ASPIRATIONS. ✕ ✕

+ + +

THE above title is as singularly inappropriate to the story as the name "Willow Bank" was to the dingy villa in Ditton Road, where dwelt our hero, Hugh Davis, with his widower father and his younger sister Marjory. Hugh had few or no ambitions, and the semi-genteel thoroughfare was quite innocent of willows. Whether willows would have materially advanced the value of Ditton Road is difficult to say; but there was no doubt whatever—at least in the mind of Mr. Davis senior that the addition of some few aspirations to his son's mental stock in trade would have raised him to quite another position. In short, Hugh was a failure—or worse, a semi-failure—a fact to which he himself was keenly alive.

Mr. Davis senior had, by dint of a strong strain of Scottish energy, raised himself from small beginnings to what might have been a very sound financial position had not the "fates in their courses" fought against him.

When his young English wife had passed away soon after Marjory's birth, he had centred all his interests and hopes on his tiny son, dreaming who knows what fond dreams of the turmoil Davis junior should make in the great world in time to come. Consequently he was inclined to condemn in the boy that dreaminess of nature which had been so endearing in the mother.

Despite the fact that Hugh was not brilliant, and that he took very little interest in his lessons, he had sufficient of his father's pluck to push him through a secondary school without actual discredit, and carry him on to a Technical College. Two strains warred in the lad—his inability thoroughly to master set studies, and a feeling of potential mental ability. His position was a constant source of worry to him, and one in which he could hope for no sympathy from his father.

Years went on; he scrambled through his degrees, and, as his studies advanced, he withdrew more and more from the world, with which, indeed, he had never had much in common. At last, as a result of much self-sacrifice, his father managed to send him to Heidelberg, where in due time he obtained his Ph.D.; and it was here that he first took up the wider reading of metaphysics. Our own Herbert Spencer left an indelible impression on the young man; Kant and Hegel he read and assimilated to an extent which surprised himself. And now, when our story opens, he is returned to his native town to take up the position of Demonstrator in Physics at the Technical College which witnessed his early efforts. During the day he taught the nature of the apparatus used by pioneer investigators, and the subsequent improvements of Regnault, together with many other facts of the nature prescribed by wise and far-seeing examiners. In the evening he—thought.

Of reading he did little or none; but he would instead think for hours together, always locked in his little room. This in time began to excite comment. Marjory excused him on the ground of the mental strain of teaching, but her father thought of all the money sunk in Hugh's education, money that was to have turned out a second Kelvin, or at least a brilliant research student, who should have followed lines suggested by greater men, and so have made a name for him-

self in the little scientific world. Both represented their views to Hugh with more or less force, and both were met with indifference. An actual physical langour was noticeable, due, possibly, to the loss of sleep.

Things had continued for some time thus, when a gradual change was seen to dawn over Hugh's manner, a fixed expression of interest in his face, and both sister and father augured better days. It is true that Mr. Davis would have preferred to see him "messaging about," as he would himself have described it in a laboratory, but he looked on the change as at least a step in the right direction. Whatever it might be that was engrossing Hugh's faculties, it soon became evident that it was to remain a secret until perfected. For inquiries on part of either father or sister only served to call forth one of the bursts of irritation which had of late been more frequent.

What, then, was the great problem? Description comes best from the author; so in Hugh's own words let it appear:

"From the time when I was a boy at school I have *thought*—I felt I could think—but my thoughts were confused, uncrystalised, formless. Hovering! hovering! would they never alight—should I never know the possibilities of my own brain merely for want of registering my thoughts?

"Whilst at College I discovered that I could follow deep trains of thought with perfect logic, and to a brilliant conclusion, and no more. Did I stop in the process to write, speak, or merely objectively cognize a thought, the whole chain was destroyed. In short, my stream of thought was so rapid that to fix it by ordinary means was impossible.

This, then, was the difficulty I had always laboured under, and I set to work to right it as best I could. How? By reading thought-providing literature, when I read at all, but specially spending most of my time thinking, thinking, thinking! By exercise and control I hoped to reach the level of an ordinary man's powers. Ha, ha! To think that out of the grub of my poor whirring brain should spring the glorious butterfly of the great mental processes which shall revolutionize science!

But I advance too quickly. I continued thus for some years, and thought I noticed slight improvements; but not till quite lately did the full possibilities of the human brain open out before me, showing how men have laboured for a thousand years to learn dimly what is clear to me, to you, to anyone who will choose to use the great gifts which God gave,

and which I have discovered. But to explain myself. Who has not felt when engaged in deep mental effort a dual personality? Whilst working out some problem, physical existence seems to disappear; mental life alone remains. Some slight physical stimulus will recall the consciousness, *but in an objective, rather than a subjective sense*: i.e., the student's brain does not cease to concentrate itself upon the problem, but yet it becomes conscious of the student sitting under the lamp, conscious, indeed, of all the little points about the room—unnoticeable under ordinary circumstances through their multiplicity. In this semi-liberated objective side of one's consciousness I found the solution to my problem. To my problem, did I say? To all mental problems from eternity to eternity.

This is how I did it. I cultivated this power of separation which has been allowed to atrophy, till I could at will liberate my objective part, and see with perfect clearness everything in the room, whilst my mind was still steadily engaged on the subject in hand. Now, just as with ordinary vision one can obtain a general idea of a room and then concentrate one's gaze on a particular part, so with my new-found sight I could obtain a degree of concentration totally unheard of under ordinary circumstances.

Finally, I turned this concentrated gaze of my liberated consciousness *on my own brain*, and there, moving before my eyes, could I see my thought-pictures moving slowly like a panorama. No hurry here. I could hold one picture as long as I wished by mere effort of will. Then relax the tension, and the pictures or thoughts really flow gently on like strings of barges on some broad canal.

Consider the useless labour during the past aeons, picture to yourself a looking-glass trying to *feel* the impression on it, whereas all that was necessary was a slight separation, so that the image could be seen objectively in the first half thus . . ."

* * * *

"And you think it quite hopeless, Dr. Allison?" said Mr. Davis to the great mind specialist.

"Absolutely. See what he has written since he has been in the asylum."

A. S. VALLEY.

"MENS." ✕ ✕

✕ ✕ ✕

A Tory fierce, of choleric demean,
Was once the victim of a fit of spleen,
In which the torrents of unchecked abuse
He did upon a neighbouring Whig let loose ;
And so, as you may see, it came about
That these, the Tory and the Whig, fell out.

It happened soon that on a fateful day
The Tory and his wife were on their way,
When, so it chanced, the Whig appeared in sight,
At which, it must be owned, the wife took fright,
And questioned if to bow, or cut, or what ?
If to forget the strife aroused, or not ?

'Twas in those days when over-education
Had not yet reached the female population ;
And so, of course, the Tory's wife knew naught
Of Allen, Hayes, and all the rules they taught.
The Tory, then, to show he knew no shame
Of keeping troth with his professed name,
Turned to his wife, " Mens conscia recti, dear.
What meeting with a foeman need I fear ?"
To him the wife : " About the *men* may be ;
But you forget the women. What of *me* ?"
And so, determined not to be denied,
Straightway she crosses to the other side.

LEBAM.

THE INTERNATIONAL LANGUAGE*.

✕ ✕ ✕

AN article recently appeared in a provincial paper proving conclusively that the English language was bound eventually to become *the* language of the whole world, and crying down the upholders of Esperanto as foolish people who presumed to think that by an artificial language they could ever displace the thousand and one tongues and dialects at present spoken in all parts of the globe.

* Some readers may remember an article about the International Language, Esperanto, which appeared in the H.U.C. Magazine for last December, but since compiling that article the writer has had the privilege of coming into much closer contact with Esperantists in general, and of those in England in particular. Old readers, therefore, will perhaps pardon him if he repeats a little of what he then said.

Now the writer of that article, like many others, made a huge mistake. He entirely misunderstood the purpose and aim of Esperanto and its adherents. It is not to displace, but to *help* existing languages that Esperanto is here; and to enable everyone to be on an equality of speech, to whatever nation he may belong. It is to be a *second* language to all; to abolish the necessity for persons who are going in for commerce to learn any language but the one, and that the simplest imaginable. That it is likely, nay, certain, to fulfil its author's expectations in this way is shewn by the fact that even in England, where its study is but four years old at the most, several important firms have taken it up as a means of world-wide advertisement, and not in vain.

On the Continent Esperanto has had for a considerable time an unflinching popularity, and now an English Esperantist visiting France may be confident of finding in nearly every town "*samideanoj*,"* who will hold out the hand of welcome and fellowship.

Doubtless many will ask, "Is it easy?" "How long does it take to learn?" and similar questions. Well, many people who already know several foreign languages can understand Esperanto without the slightest previous knowledge of it; and an ordinary person, be he never so backward, may learn it in a few weeks! Esperanto is not the first of its kind: there have been, and still are, artificial languages for International use, such as Volapük of 20 years ago. But none of these can live. Esperanto alone contains the germ of life—true *internationality*.

The grammar is simpler than that of any natural tongue; in fact, one less devoid of difficulties could hardly be imagined. The vocabulary is formed entirely from two or three thousand root-words, and a few fixed particles for varying the sense. The roots are easily learnt, many being English, and most occurring in English or French; and as an example of the simple word-building let us take that apparently obscure word, *samideanoj*. It must be divided up thus—*sami-ide-an-oj*. Now, its meaning is easy to see: "o" is the invariable ending for nouns, and "j" indicates the plural: "an" is a particle seen in "American," "Mohammedan," etc., signifying "one of a number:" "sam-" means "same," and "ide-," "idea." So now we have it: *samideano*,—"one of a-number-having-the-same-idea." All Esperantists are *samideanoj*. This word is also an instance of the delightful flexibility of Esperanto. Words can be made whose meaning is evident, but which no ordinary language can conveniently express. "*Espereble*" is another example, from roots "*esper-*" "hope," and "abl-" denoting possibility (our-able), with the adverbial ending "e" added.

* Pronounce "sahmeedayáhnoy."

Is Esperanto euphonious? Certainly! The apparently harsh "j's" are really only "y's" in pronunciation; and any one who has heard Esperanto *sung* cannot but be convinced of its pleasant sound. Is it easy to pronounce? Nothing easier! Only five vowels, all long, with one or two obvious diphthongs and a number of simple consonants. Grammar? Hardly any; learn the few suffixes, which are not so arbitrary as they look; translate a little into English, and hey, presto! 'tis done.

Has Esperanto any literature? Yes, a great deal; mostly translations, it is true, yet not all; besides, its end can be accomplished without much literature. Let the best of each language be put into Esperanto (as some of the works of Shakespeare, Goldsmith, Dickens, etc., have already been) and the whole world may read them. For the rest, international commerce and comradeship, conventions, and correspondence provide sufficient scope for its marvellous powers.

Esperanto grows apace; though it was introduced into England but a short time ago, it has already spread to the Colonies and the U.S.A., and letters pour in continually to the British Esperanto Association* from every quarter of the globe,—not omitting Japan, Iceland, and other distant or remote localities. So fast has the language spread that Associations have already been formed in America and New Zealand, and India is rapidly awaking to enthusiasm for this wonderful tongue; while in Europe it is taken as a matter of course.

What, then, are *you* going to do? Surely there can be no need to ask!

L. A. L.

The following are parallel passages which serve to show the principle of the new language in operation:—

Simpla, fleksebla, belsona, vere internacia en siaj elementoj, la lingvo Esperanto prezentas al la mondo civilizata la sole veran solvon de lingvo internacia; ĉar, tre facila por homoj nemulte instruitaj, Esperanto estas komprenata sen peno de la personoj bone edukitaj.

Mil faktoj atestas la meriton praktikan de la nomita lingvo.

Note: Pronounce "j" as a "y," thus "elementoj, &c." "Aj" is pronounced like "I," "aye."

Simple, flexible, *euphonious, truly international in its elements, the language Esperanto presents to the civilised world the only true solution of (an) international tongue; for (while) very easy for men †of little education, Esperanto is understood without trouble by well-educated persons.

A thousand facts attest the practical merit of the language ‡in question,

* *Lit.* beautiful-sounding.

† *Lit.* not much instructed.

‡ *Lit.* named.

A PSALM OF LIFE,—

(Revised to bring it up to date.)

* * *

TELL me not in mournful numbers
 Life is but one long exam !
 For he fails who paper lumbers
 Up with half-digested cram.

Let not life be over earnest ;
 " First's " are not the only goal :
 " Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
 Think of *that* when in a hole.

" Not the sports ground, not the soirée
 Is the student's end or way,
 But to work, to cram and worry "—
That's what the professors say.

" Work is long, and leisure fleeting
 And we tire, howe'er we try,
 Give us singing, dancing, eating,"
That is what the students cry.

In the fierce and well-fought battle
 Of the common roomy life,
 Be not like dumb driven cattle !
 Use a table in the strife !

Trust no future, 'tis not pleasant !
 You'll be carried out when dead !
 Strike, and strike hard in the present !
 As the donkey driver said.

Secretaries now remind us
 We may make our lives sublime ;
 And, departing, leave behind us
 In the Mag. at least a line.

Fragments that perhaps another,
 Following in the muse's train
 Some brain-weary desperate brother
 Reading, may send in again.

All'who've got the gift of rhyming
 Think, and work and ponder long,
 Climb Parnassus' heights, and climbing
 Gain for us a College song.

A. M. P.

THE HARTLEY UNIVERSITY COLLEGE PAST STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.—Annual Reunion.

▼ ▼ ▼

THE best Reunion on record! Such is the universal opinion of those who attend the 1906 Reunion.

The weather was propitious, the attendance was splendid, and everything went with a swing. To detail all that happened is impossible (for more reasons than one), and so I will content myself with a brief summary of the week's proceedings.

The Reunion commenced on Saturday afternoon (April 14th) with a walk to the Clump, where a party of twenty-five had an enjoyable tea at Queen's.

In the evening the Principal (Dr. Richardson) held the Annual Reception, and in a few well-chosen words welcomed those present with the wish that they would spend a profitable and pleasant time together.

Prof. Chapple, who received a rousing reception, also spoke for a few minutes. During the course of his speech he proposed that those present should send a few words of congratulation to Dr. Piggott, from whose wedding he had just returned.

During the evening musical items were contributed by Misses Bennett, F. Cheverton, Cox, Hinson, and Swaine, Messrs. Hicks and Myland. Refreshments and dancing concluded the evening.

Easter Monday was a busy day. At 10 o'clock the members of the H.U.C.T.A. met, and decided to wind up the Association in view of the proposed formation of a General Association. At 11 o'clock, under the presidency of the Principal, a meeting of *all* the past students of the College was held for the formation of a Central Association. After considerable discussion the scheme given in full below was adopted.

At 6.30 p.m. the programme was timed to begin, and by 6.45 p.m. the first dance had started. This will be judged an encouraging commencement in the light of previous experiences. The evening was a great success; the Hall was comfortably full, and, under the able charge of Messrs. Alderson and Hicks, everyone had a delightful time.

On Tuesday a visit was paid to Brockenhurst, and the house and grounds of E. Morant, Esq. This was another record-breaking event, when we consider that last year we only had an attendance of five at one of our trips, while on this occasion there were no less than 61. The gardens of Morant House are a splendid sight, the only ones of their kind in the country, and their appearance betokens the expenditure of a vast amount of care and labour. The little church on the estate is an interesting one, containing some Early Norman architecture. Unfortunately the organ was locked, and the clerk in charge had not a key. Several of the party also tried the family "dock," and thought what a nice sleeping compartment it would make during the course of a long sermon. After tea we made a hurried return to the station—not to catch the train, but to miss a shower of rain.

The evening was spent at the College, where a Whist Drive was held. This proved an attractive feature, especially when interspersed with a dance or two. An *all men* set of Lancers caused immense merriment. The whist prizes were won by Mr. Hicks (a pocket case) and Miss Macdonald (a purse).

On Wednesday there was a trip to Shawford, the party walking from there to Winchester. At Dumper's Restaurant all did ample justice to a capital lunch, after which visits were paid to the Cathedral, the West Gate, and other places of interest. The little "traditions" and other stories of the Cathedral guide will long be remembered, also his little joke at the top of the Cathedral Tower, *re* the clergymen's widows.

In the evening was held the concluding meeting of the official programme. This took the form of the comprehensive soirée. Musical items were rendered by Misses F. Cheverton and K. Hallum and Mrs. C. H. Brightiff. Mr. Herrman also contributed a recitation in his usual successful manner. This was followed by a cantata—Mee Pattison's "The Gipsy Queen." This is a Reunion innovation, and, considering the limited time at the disposal of the performers, it was a highly creditable performance. There are four chief characters: The Queen (Miss Hinson), the King (Mr. Dawes), the Queen's attendant (Miss Cox), and the King's attendant (Mr. Myland). The King and Queen made full use of their opportunities, and their acting was of a high order. The chorus, under the conductorship of Mr. F. J. Hallum, sang splendidly, and a dance by the maidens of the caste was delightful. Miss L. Hallum ably presided at the piano.

The rest of the evening was devoted to dancing, a fitting climax to such an eventful week. At the conclusion everyone seemed glad that they had come. All agreed that it had been the most successful Reunion that had been held, and expressed the wish that they might be able to attend next year. That is also the wish of the Secretary and Committee elected for the coming year on behalf of the new Central Association which has been formed.

I should like to take this opportunity of thanking all those who by their assistance, attendance, and in any other way helped to make the Reunion the great success it has been acknowledged to be. I would conclude with the hope that all past students will endeavour to promote the interests of the Association by doing all in their power to make next year's Reunion an even better one than the one which has just closed.

W. MYLAND,

Hon. Sec. H.U.C.T.A.

The scheme for the formation of a Past Students' Association as adopted at the meeting held on Easter Monday, April 16th, 1906:—

1. That an Association of all past students of the College be formed.

NAME.

2. That this Association be called "The Central Association of Past Students of the Hartley University College."

MEMBERS.

3. That all past day students and all present and past members of the staff, and others at the discretion of the committee, be eligible for membership.

OBJECTS.

4. That the objects of the Association be:

- (a) To promote social intercourse between past students, and to further the interests of the College.
- (b) To act as the Central Organisation of local Associations.
- (c) To arrange and hold an annual Reunion and business meeting.
- (d) To correspond with the secretaries of the local Associations with regard to such Reunions and

business, and on such other matters as shall concern the Central Association and the affiliated Associations.

- (e) To publish an annual Year Book.

5. That the government of this Association be vested in a committee consisting of ex-officio and elected members, as follows:

A. Ex-officio.

- (a) The President: The Principal of the College.
- (b) Vice-Presidents: The Presidents of the affiliated local Associations.
- (c) Members: The Secretaries of the several affiliated local Associations.

B. Elected.

- (a) One Vice-President.
- (b) One Secretary and two Assistant Secretaries, all of whom shall reside in Southampton. The Secretary shall also act as Treasurer.
- (c) One representative of each affiliated Association to be directly nominated by the several Associations at the first business meeting of their session.
- (d) Two representatives of the students in College (one man and one woman), who shall be elected at the annual general College meeting.
- (e) Four other members.

The members referred to in *a, b, c* shall be elected at the annual general meeting of the Association, and shall enter into office at the beginning of the next session.

6. That, in case two or more of the representatives of any affiliated Association are prevented by distance or other legitimate cause from attending meetings of the Central Committee, that Association shall have power to appoint and instruct not more than two persons to represent it, with full powers, at the meetings of the committee. Such persons must be, either directly or by affiliation, members of the Central Association.

7. That seven members of the Central Committee shall form a quorum.

8. That the Association's year, or session, begin on October 1st.

9. That the local Associations contribute to the funds of the Central Association an annual grant of 6d. per member.

10. That the annual subscription paid by past students who are not members of a local Association be 1s. 6d., which shall entitle each member to a copy of the Year Book.

11. That the College Magazine be used as the organ of the Central Association.

A MORN'S ADVENTURE.

+ + +

Three students went sailing out on to the Test

Out on to the Test, their lectures to lose,
Each thought of exams. as he pulled with a zest

But the thought was soon banished ; it gave him the blues.
For men will play and lectures be missed,
A student's joy does in this consist,
That lecturers are moaning.

Three tired men landed at Cracknore Hard,

And their arms were stiff and their throats were dry,
As they left the boat and entered the yard

Of the inn, that nestles the river by.
Now the boat must swing near the weedy beach,
While those three students are out of reach,
Around her the waves are moaning.

Three urchins crept from the meadow near,

Crept down to the boat that lightly swings
And soon they are out on the water clear

Mid the waves that lap and the weed that clings ;
For urchins must play and urchins must steal.
'Tis their part on the world's eternal wheel,
Though the " red caps " soon be groaning.

Three students stood on the farther shore,

And the urchins laughed and shouted with glee,
Between them a hundred yards or more

Of gurgling mud and the flashing sea,
Little use to apply the naughty word
For it only startles the sad sea bird,
So the students still stand groaning.

W.F.P.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

* * *

WE beg to acknowledge, with many thanks, the receipt of:—
 (1) *The University Review*, (2) *The Sphinx* (Liverpool), (3) *The Students' Magazine* (Exeter), (4) *Floramus* (Sheffield), (5) *The Gryphon* (Leeds), (6) *The Phoenix* (Royal School of Mines), (7) *The Northerner* (Newcastle), (8) *The Gong* (Nottingham), (9) *The Dragon* (Aberystwyth), (10) *The Carmarthen* (S. Wales Training College), (11) *Q.C.B.* (Belfast), (12) *Q.C.C.* (Cork), (13) *Q.C.G.* (Galway), (14) *Soloniensis* (King Edward's School, Southampton), (15) *The Langtonian* (Simon Langton School, Canterbury), (16) *The College* (University College, Dundee), (17) *The Goldsmithian* (London).

CORRESPONDENCE.

* * *

THE Editor has received another very interesting letter from Mr. L. W. La Chard. It admirably supplements the letter published in the December issue of the "H.U.C. Magazine." It is dated from Zungeru, Northern Nigeria, March 25th, 1906. The following are excerpts:—

"I received your letter of the 25th of January, and also the extracts from the "H.U.C. Magazine," and I must thank you very much for them. I am writing a further article on "Arrow Poisons," having delved deeper into the subject of late and having had opportunities to observe the effects of the poison upon persons who had been shot. My duties include a certain amount of medical work, and I have to act occasionally as Coroner.

* * *

You have doubtless read of the recent risings out here. At one time, everybody in Zungeru thought that it meant a clean sweep, for we were wedged in north and south—to the north by the new fanatical Mahdi, with thousands of Mohammedan followers, and to the south by the hostile Pagan Mimshis. Nine hundred soldiers were camped to the north of Zungeru for three weeks, in case of emergency, but fortunately the troops at Sokoto were successful in quelling the rebellion, and nothing happened. You can estimate our position when you recollect that there are never more than 300 whites in Northern Nigeria, all spread over a huge area; whilst according to the latest estimate, there are 30 million blacks. These latter are either Mohammedans or Pagans, and are very spirited.



I am enclosing, for your amusement, a typical hypocritical production of one of the educated villains of my flock. The man in question is undergoing a long sentence for larceny, and he penned the accompanying lines, doubtless in the hope that he would be relieved from hard labour. There are about a dozen or so of these educated men, and they give more trouble than the remaining two hundred put together. Quite a literary effort, isn't it? I am also sending a more interesting manuscript written in Arabic, by a Hausa Mallam, or priest. This man, Mustapha by name, went mad suddenly, and attacked a lieutenant of mounted infantry at Kano, the great mart of the Western Soudan. He was secured, tried for attempted murder, and is now detained as a criminal lunatic. He is a very clever man; has made a pilgrimage to Mecca across the Sahara and the Red Sea, knows the Koran by heart and understands every move of his countrymen. I see some strange birds of passage at times: deserters from the French and German forces, heathens, sons of regularly-ordained black Christian ministers from the Gold Coast to Sierra Leone. Mohammedan priests, petty kings, black men, who have travelled to England on boats as cooks or stewards, ex-political clerks, pagan slave-dealers, all sorts and conditions are to be found amongst my flock. Slave-dealing is one of the more common offences; larceny, extortion, murder, manslaughter, highway robbery—these generally follow. My little note book contains enough data to write a couple of interesting books."

* * *

The following is the "typical hypocritical production" referred to above:—

THE PRISON,
ZUNGERU,
NORTHERN NIGERIA,

17/1/05.

SIR,—According to your kind and fatherly enquiry of my "experiences in the brick party," I have thought it best to say in a very few words the whole subject:—

From my former nature, ere I was imprisoned, the brick-party work, indeed, would have been a severe test to my unexperienced body of hardihood; but relying on that gracious maxim, which says that "the Creator never imposes on any of His creatures a burden which will over-weigh them." I was thereby strengthened for the daily task allotted me.

Again, Sir, having been from my youth in clerical departments, I was quite unacquainted with hardships, but having now been taught and used to it, I have thus been nerved for whatever my lot may be in the future.

I hope you will not be surprised, Sir, in my saying that you have been the kind instrument in the hands of the Unseen to so fit me for life.

Yours obediently, Dear Sir,

* * * * *

P.S.—I do also believe in predestination now, Sir, and whatever may be the lot of any, naught can ever avert.

HOSTEL ECHOES. ❧ ❧

• • •

BEVOIS MOUNT.

WITH the advent of summer the students at Bevois Mount are rejoicing in the beautiful grounds. Tea on the lawn, tennis in the "Wilderness," or reading in a shady corner of the garden will be among the most pleasant recollections that the inmates will take with them to their respective homes. Enthusiasm for the "simple life" is rife. Fresh air is now considered a cure for all ills, but several students whose zeal prompted them towards simplicity in the matter of outdoor attire found it to be contrary to the regulations.

Students on the whole favour the Herbartian method of study. Singing and recitation are now taken in conjunction with one another. Consequently the acoustic properties of the house are found to be considerable.

As the end of the session draws near it is with deep regret that the majority of the students realise that the period of their College life is drawing to a close. The genial camaraderie of kindred spirits, the varied experience of persons and things, the judicious intermingling of work and play make it a life unique and unconventional—a life that will soon be only a dream, to be recalled in moments of idleness, or brought nearer to reality by the meeting of an old friend or a visit to the dear old Hostel.

T. H.

WINDSOR HOUSE.

EVERYTHING has gone along very smoothly, in spite of the fact that our liberty has been greatly curtailed. Alas! No longer do we rehearse Romeo and Juliet; no longer do we take our evening walks on the balcony; no longer—but why say more. Let us draw a curtain over these vain regrets and unsatisfied longings.

We still keep up our musical reputation, and have plenty of instrumental music. This has been greatly improved lately, for the Women's Common Room Committee, noting the genius of our members, presented several of them with instruments of a strange order, upon which they became speedily proficient. However, since the Music Examination, this pastime has ceased to have its accustomed fascination, owing to the outbreak of Tennis Fever, which has been very prevalent, and for which the only remedy is a wet day.

The Hostel became strangely empty at Wbitsun, for the Windsorites took advantage of the holiday to visit their friends, while the few who remained were afraid to raise their voices for fear of disturbing the awful

quiet which pervaded the house. Still, in spite of the silence, they had a most enjoyable time, and performed wonders in the matter of early rising.

For many of us this is our last term, and we have reached that stage when many things are done for the last time. Soon our places will be filled by others, and our juniors will be taking up the responsibilities of seniors. Let us hope that their juniors will assist them as they have helped us, and that their second year may be as happy as ours has been. More than this we cannot wish them.

FROM OUT THE DEN.

* * *

ATTRACTIONS other than those of the Den are in the ascendant—the civilizing influences of the Hall (fishery enquiries and exams permitting), together with the seductive whisperings of the Western Shore, frequently deplete the Common Room of all but the most hardened loungers.

My Lady Nicotine is being neglected (for men, like the stove, smoke not), and the skipping rope reigns in her stead. It is now possible to see across the Common Room; and this great miracle has been brought about by the display of prizes in the Museum.

SPORTS!—one poor landlady will never forget them. An enthusiastic aspirant for championship honours, not content with joining the "skippers" in the Den, must needs arise at break of day and descend to the garden wearing a rope round his neck. His landlady saw him; she saw the rope; she fainted.

RECENTLY a band gave morning performances on the Pier, but unfortunately for the band the Common Room Choir also desired to perform, and so the contest began, the Common Roomers coming an easy first. But, although the promenaders preferred the choir from the Den, the Pier authorities were mean enough to pay the band instead.

YELIAB.

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY. X X

* * *

A SERIES of interesting visits has been arranged for the summer term.

The Gas Works were visited on May 23rd by a band of enthusiasts, who were undeterred by a veritable downpour of rain. One was able to forget soaking clothes in the interest which was aroused in the processes so ably explained by Mr. F. Durkin.

On May 30th a journey was made to Totton to inspect the Sulphuric Acid Plant and Chemical Manure Works of Messrs. Spooner and Bailey, Ltd. Much climbing, splendid views, unpleasant odours, and gruesome relics were amongst the pleasures of this delightful excursion.

Dr. Cavers' botanical excursion to Gurnard Bay, Cowes, originally arranged for June 9th, has been postponed to June 23rd.

W. E. F.

COMBINED MEETING OF LITERARY AND DEBATING AND CHORAL SOCIETIES.

THE annual combined meeting of the Literary and Debating and Choral Societies took place on Thursday, May 24th, Mr. Phillips being in the chair. The proceedings were opened with refreshments, after which everyone settled down to enjoy the real business of the evening. These meetings are deservedly popular, and in no way did the programme this year fall short of those of previous years. The central feature of the evening was a paper by Mr. R. S. Williamson on "The Songs of Sailors," which also formed the basis of all the musical items. In the first part of his paper Mr. Williamson mentioned that sailors' songs might be regarded as belonging to one of two classes. The first—the chancies—were the crude lines sung by the sailors in unison when any specially difficult piece of work had to be done, such as weighing the anchor, reefing the sails, etc. These chancies were more remarkable for the strenuous exertions they called forth than for their sense or poetic beauty. In order to convey a better impression to his audience of what the chancies were like, Mr. Williamson had on the platform some members of the Male Voice Choir, who regaled the company with such selections as "Blow the Man Over" (a very effective chanty). The lecturer went on to say that modern steam navigation is causing all these to be forgotten. In the second part of his paper Mr. Williamson dwelt on the other style of sailor's song—more of the ballad type—written not by sailors, but still by those who thoroughly understood the seafarer in all his various moods, and who could depict Jack at his best. The lives of some of these composers and writers—such as Dibdin, etc.—were then taken, some characteristic song of each being sung. These items were excellently rendered by Misses Adams, Smith, Jones, Terry, R. Adams, and Messrs. Messrs. Harvey, Palmer, Jenkins, Cooper French, and D. H. Thomas. Messrs. Jenkins and French also rendered a duet, "Larboard Watch," which was duly appreciated; while Miss Wiles delighted the audience by reciting "The Ocean," Dancing filled the remainder of the time after the conclusion of the programme, thus making a most enjoyable ending to a very pleasant evening.

CHRISTIAN UNION (Men's Branch).

+ + +

OUR Union arranged its first Week-End Conference for April 28th and 29th. Mr. R. P. Wilder, M.A. (Princeton, U.S.A.), and Mr. H. T. Silcock, B.A. (Oxon.), were secured as speakers. Our members will not easily forget the power and helpfulness of the Conference. Some of its effect is seen in the permanent increase in the attendance at the Sunday meetings, which increase is quite contrary to our usual experience in the summer term. Mr. H. J. Tomliuson, B.Sc., addressed a combined meeting on March 25th, at which a duet was rendered by Misses M. Jones and R. Adams.

Other meetings have been addressed by Mr. W. A. Rogers on "Spiritual Catalepsy"; Mr. W. W. Butt, "Some Thoughts on Christian Work"; Mr. H. S. Shewring, "Courtesy, and the Spirit of Service"; Mr. J. A. Jackson, "Martin Luther"; Mr. E. C. Harvey, "Sacrifice"; and Mr. H. H. Morris, "A Christian."

Great efforts are being made to send a good delegation to the Conishead Conference of the Students' Christian Movement. Our delegation this year will certainly be double the number that went last.

W.E.F.

CHRISTIAN UNION (Women's Branch).

* * *

Our Summer Term, always so short, is bringing rapidly to a close our Christian Union work for another Session. On taking a survey of the past year, we are pleased to note that our Union has been making steady progress.

Throughout this term our meetings have been well attended. Members have contributed papers of a helpful and interesting nature; the subjects selected being most suitable. Circumstances have not allowed us to hold a United Meeting at the commencement of this Term as is usual, but we hope to do so before the close of the Session.

The Officers have been chosen for the next year, and we wish them every success and prosperity in their work. Two delegates will represent our branch of the Christian Union at the Conference to be held at Conishead, July 18th and 28th. They will go, we are sure, with the sincere wishes of all for a successful and helpful time.

A.F.C.

CHESS CLUB. ♣ ♣

* * *

The achievements of the Chess Club during the past season are worthy of note. Twelve matches were engaged in, and the final record now reads as follows:—Played 12, won 10, drawn 1, lost 1. This is a record of which any College might well feel proud, and reflects great credit on Professor Watkin, as Captain, and Mr. Lock, as Secretary, whose untiring efforts have done much towards the success of the Club. Now, Juniors! rally together, and let us have an even stronger Club, and a still more successful career next Season.

LONDON SOCIETY OF OLD HARTLEYANS.

* * *

At the time of writing this report, L.S.O.H. members are looking forward to the Excursion to Windsor, on June 16th. As this is the first meeting during the summer, we are hoping to have a very happy time. About thirty members have signified their intention of joining the party, and given fine weather, a very enjoyable day is anticipated. Special permission has been obtained from the Head Master of Eton, enabling us to pay a visit to this famous School. The Castle will also be visited.

Another excursion is being arranged for a later date. It is suggested that the most suitable time would be the first Saturday after the close of the term. This would enable all present London students to join us as well as those who will be in London for Inter.

The Society's second Session commences in September next, and it is earnestly hoped that all out-going students who are taking up appointments in and around London will not fail to become enrolled as members at the first meeting next Session. The General Secretary, Mr. F. J. Hemmings, 10, Cornwall Avenue, Wood Green, N.), asks that all who will be coming London-wards will send in their names and addresses to him as early as possible. We want you all to become L.S.O.H. members, for it is only in this way that the Society will meet with the success that is necessary for its continuance and growth. The first Session has been very successful, and present members are looking forward to the co-operation of out-going Londoners, in order to make the second Session a much greater success.

F.J.H.

PORTSMOUTH SOCIETY OF OLD HARTLEYITES.

The last meeting of the P.S.O.H. was held at the Green Row Rooms, and took the form of "An Evening with Eminent Townsmen." Capital papers were given, brilliant recitations rendered, and appropriate songs well sung by members of the P.S.O.H.

We are now preparing our summer programme, and hope it will be as successful as that of the winter months.

The Committee extend a most cordial invitation to all Pompey Hartleyites to become members of the P.S.O.H.

C.M.

CRICKET CLUB. ❧ ❧

The chief characteristic of the first team has been its inconsistency. Perhaps this may be largely due to the unsettled nature of the team. Many players have had their place on trial, owing to the abandonment of the Seniors v. Juniors match (when each man's capabilities are determined) because of rain.

H.U.C. v. Handel College.

On County Ground, May 5th. Resulted in a draw. H.U.C. scored 106 (Kent, 20; Earl, 20), Handel College getting 93 for 8 wickets.

College v. Eastleigh C.C.

At Eastleigh, May 9th. Provided a win for the College by 13 runs. H.U.C., 106 (Tolfree, 70). Eastleigh, 93 (Cooper, 4 for 27).

College v. Eastleigh Athletic.

At Eastleigh, on May 12th. In this match the College lost by 61 runs. H.U.C., 43. Eastleigh Athletic, 104.

H.U.C. v. Reading U.C.

At County Ground, on May 16th. Hartley batted first, and compiled 134 (Wood, 43; I. Williams, 31; Kent, 20). Chown bowled splendidly for Reading, and captured 7 wickets. Reading at the call of time had made 94 for 7, Farrant's score being 28, not out. Of our bowlers, Wood captured 4 wickets for 28 runs; Gaskin, 3 for 18.

College v. Deanery.

On the County Ground, May 30th. The College had the assistance of Mead, the Hants county player, but were thoroughly beaten. Score:—H.U.C., 62. Deanery, 199 for 5.

H.U.C. v. Grammar School.

On County Ground, June 2nd. The Hartley batsmen were in great form, and the game resulted in a win for the College by 91 runs. H.U.C., 215 for 5 (Tolfree, 81; Cavill, 47; Wood, 36). Grammar School, 124 (Wood, 6 for 55).

College v. King's Park.

At Boscombe, on Whit Monday. A weak team journeyed to Boscombe, and lost by 33 runs.

College v. Deanery.

On County Ground, June 9th. Resulted in a thorough defeat for the College. The final score was;—H.U.C., 57 (Tolfree, 17). Deanery, 363 (Earl, 6 for 91).

Hartley v. Reading U.C.

The first team spent a very enjoyable day at Reading on Wednesday, June 13th, thanks to our always kind Reading brethren. The match ended in a draw. Reading compiled 168 for 9, and then declared, leaving Hartley 80 minutes to bat. Thanks to the patient batting of Earl and Wood, Hartley lost only 3 wickets in making 68 runs before time. Earl's score was 25, and Wood was not out 34, at the close

L.H.G.

CRICKET 2nd XI.

The 2nd XI. have had a very enjoyable season. We were able to command nearly the same players every week. The results of the matches already played are:—

NETLEY HOSPITAL.—Won by 119 to 31 (Cave, 4 for 7).

TAUNTON'S SCHOOL.—Won by 169 (7 wickets) to 87 (E. N. Motts, 109).

LYNDHURST.—Won by 147 (7 wickets) to 146 (Wood, 60, not out).

NETLEY HOSPITAL.—Lost by 51 to 58.

WESTON PARK C.C.—Won by 82 to 32.

MARCHWOOD C.C.—Lost by 5 wickets.

TAUNTON'S SCHOOL.—Won by 100 to 28 (A. J. Smith, 6 for 12; S. J. Cave, 4 for 12).

The following have played for the XI.:—B. J. Simester (Captain), D. H. Thomas (Vice-Captain), V. G. Kimber, G. W. G. Philpott, A. J. Smith, S. Smith, L. I. Thomas, E. Hoblyn, F. H. Palmer, H. Meek, E. J. Evans, S. J. Cave, E. N. Motts, W. T. Griffiths.

W.T.G.

TENNIS CLUB. ✕ ✕

▼ ▼ ▼

This Club is always one of the most popular of the College Clubs. Its usual patronage has not been lacking this year, and men and maidens come to enjoy the exercise it affords; or after strenuous games, rest on garden chairs till their energies have sufficiently recovered to allow them to play more Tennis. The addition of the wire netting surrounding the courts, has been a great improvement, and the number of compulsory runs after straying balls has thereby been greatly reduced.

The Club played their first Match on May 9th against Winchester Training College, and were badly beaten by 7 events to 2. They brought down three doubles to play each of three of ours. Their first and second doubles beat each of ours, and their third beat our third, but was beaten by our first and second doubles. Our weakness may have been due to lack of practice.

On May 12th, we played the Kell T.C., and won by eight events to five. In this match we had ladies playing, and we are stronger in this department than we were last season. On the evenings of June 5th and 7th we had a match with the Southampton Teachers' T.C., and were beaten by 13 events to 5. We won two mixed doubles, Miss Aubrey and Mr. Tolfree, and Miss Matthews and Mr. Cave, winning their events. Two men's doubles, Messrs. Tolfree and Cave, Alderson and Knowlton, winning theirs, and one single, which was won by Mr. Cave.

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

✕ ✕ ✕

CONGRATULATIONS are due to Corporals B. J. Simester and H. G. Hallum, on their qualifying for, and promotion to, the rank of Sergeant, and to Private F. Phillips, on his promotion to the rank of Corporal. Our strength is now 72, of all ranks, and one attached, and we have had Company Parades of 56, 54 and 51.

The feature of the Season has been the splendid attendance of No. II. (Welsh) Section. This section has had a full muster at 7 drills, and great credit is due to the N.C.O.'s for their energy in getting the men to turn out so splendidly. With the aid of points thus obtained, we should stand well for the Drill Shield this year.

We are now eagerly looking forward to our week's Camp at Swanage in August Bank Holiday week. It is expected that "G" Company will muster more than 50 strong. What more delightful place could be desired, or what better time of the year? Think of the splendid bathing on the beautiful Swanage sands. Then, too, Swanage is the scene of one of Alfred's sea fights with the Danes, while close at hand there is Corfe Castle, with further historical associations.

This week in Camp will probably be the last time some will be associated with "G" Company, and we hope that all will endeavour to make it as enjoyable as possible by bringing their best songs, recitations, readings and jokes, and by coming determined to work hard and enjoy themselves, thus maintaining the reputation of the Company for work and for play.

C.S.

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